

LOST MAN'S PLANE.

A SECOND EPIISODE
IN THE LIFE OF AMELIA BUTTERWORTH
BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN
AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE"
"BEHIND CLOSED DOORS" "THE AFFAIR NEXT DOOR"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.
A PARTING.
It was not till Mr. Trolan had driven away that I noticed in the shadow of the trees on the opposite side of the road a house tied up, whose empty saddle spoke of a visitor. At any other gate and on any other road this would not have struck me as worthy of notice, much less comment. But here and after all that I had heard during this eventful morning the circumstance was so unexpected I could not help feeling astonishment and showing it.

"A visitor?" I asked.
"Some one to see Luccetta."
William had no sooner said this than I saw he was in a state of high excitement. He had probably been in this condition when we drove up, but not having my attention directed to him I had not noticed it. Now, however, it was perfectly plain to me, and it did not seem quite the excitement of displeasure, though hardly that of joy.

"She doesn't expect you yet," he went on to remark as I turned sharply toward the house, "and if you interrupt her—D—n it, if I thought you would interrupt her!"

I thought it time to teach him a lesson in manners.
"Mr. Knollys," I interposed somewhat severely, "I am a lady. Why should I interrupt your sister or give her or you a moment of pain?"

"I don't know," he muttered. "You are so very quick I am afraid you might think it necessary to join her in the parlor. She is perfectly able to take care of herself, Miss Butterworth, and will do it. I'm afraid." The rest was lost in indistinct guttural sounds.

I made no effort to answer this tirade. I took my usual course in quite my usual way to the front steps and went up them without so much as looking behind me to see whether or not this uncouth representative of the Knollys name had kept at my heels or not.

Entering the door, which was open, I came without any effort on my part upon Luccetta and—a young gentleman. They were standing together in the middle of the hall and were so absorbed in what they were saying that they neither saw nor heard me. I was therefore enabled to catch one or two sentences which struck me as of some moment. The first one was uttered by her and was very pleadingly said:

"A week—I only ask a week. Then I can give you an answer which perhaps will satisfy you."

His reply, in answer if not in matter, proclaimed him the lover of whom I had so lately heard.

"I cannot, dear girl; indeed I cannot. My whole future depends upon my making today that move in which I have asked you to join me. If I wait a week, my opportunity will be gone, Luccetta. You know me and you know how I love you. Then come!"

A rule hand on my shoulder distracted my attention. William stood lowering behind me and as I turned whispered in my ear:

"You must come round the other way. Luccetta is so touchy the sight of you will drive every sensible idea out of her head."

His blundering whisper did what my presence and by no means light footsteps had failed to do. With a start Luccetta turned and, meeting my eye, turned scarlet and drew back a step. The young man followed her hastily.

"Is it goodby, Luccetta?" he asked, with a fine, manly ignoring of my presence that roused my admiration.

She did not answer. Her look was enough. William, seeing it, turned furious at once, and, bounding by me, faced the young man with an oath.

"You're a fool," said he, "to take no from a silly chit like that. If I loved a girl as you say you love Luccetta, I'd have her if I had to carry her away by force. She'd stop screaming before you'd get well out of the lane. I know women. While you listen to them they'll talk, but once take matters into their own hands and—A snap of his fingers finished the sentence. I thought the fellow brutal, but scarcely so stupid as I had heretofore considered him.

His words, however, might just as well have been uttered into empty air. The young man had addressed appeared hardly to have heard him, and as for Luccetta, she was so nearly insensible from misery that she had sufficient aid to keep herself from falling at her lover's feet.

"Luccetta, Luccetta, it is then goodby? You will not go with me?"

"I cannot—William here knows I cannot. I must wait till—"

But here her brother seized her so violently by the wrist that she stopped from sheer pain, I fear. However that was, she turned pale as death under his clutch, and when he tried to utter some hot, passionate words into her ear shook her head, but did not speak, though her lover was going with a last, final appeal into her eyes. The delicate girl was beating out my estimate of her.

Seeing her thus unresponsive, William flung her hand from him and turned away.

"It's your fault," he cried. "You would come!"

But at this Luccetta, recovering her poise in a moment, cried out shrilly:

"For shame, William. What has Miss Butterworth to do with this? You are not helping me with your roughness. God knows this hour is hard enough for the virtuous this show on your part of your desire to get rid of me."

"There's woman's gratitude for you," was his growling reply. "I offer to take all her responsibilities on my own shoulders and make it right with—her sister and all that, and she calls it desire to get rid of her. Well, have your

ment I had set foot in this house that something extraordinary and out of keeping with the ordinary appearance of the household was going on in secret in some one of the innumerable chambers of that long corridor corresponding to my own, and which for very obvious reasons I had as yet failed to find any excuse for penetrating, was taking shape in my mind, and I no longer affected to deny to myself that everything I had thus far seen and heard went toward establishing the fact that those young women hid in charge a prisoner of some kind of whose presence there and personality they dreaded the discovery.

Now, who could this prisoner be? Common sense supplied me with but one answer—Silly Rufus, the boy who within a few days had vanished from among the good people of this seemingly guiltless community.

Once settled in this idea, I applied myself to a consideration of the means at my disposal for determining its truth. The simplest and perhaps the most sure as well as the least satisfactory to one of my nature would be to summon the police and have the house thoroughly searched, but this involved, in case I had been deceived by appearances—as was possible even to a woman of my experience and discrimination—a scandal and an opprobrium which I would be the last to inflict upon Althea's children unless justice to the rest of the world demanded it.

It was in consideration of this very fact, perhaps, that I had been placed here instead of some regular police spy. Mr. Gryce is a man who has made it his rule of life never to risk the reputation of any man or woman without reasons so excellent as to bear their own association with them, and should I, a woman, with full as much heart if not quite so much brain (at least in the estimation of people in general), by my premature exposure of my suspicious cast a mantle of shame over this family they are far too weak and too poor to ever rise above again?

No, rather would I trust a little longer to my own perspicacity and make sure by the use of my own eyes and ears that the situation called for the interference I had, as you may say, at the end of the cord I was even now flinching.

Luccetta had not asked me how I came to be back so much sooner than she had reason to expect me. The unexpected arrival of her lover had probably put all idea of her former plans out of her head. I therefore attempted no explanation with her and a very short one with Loren when I met her at the dinner table. Nothing further seemed to be necessary, for the girls were even more abstracted than ever before, and William positively loathed till a warning glance from Loren recalled him somewhat to his better self, which meant silence.

The afternoon was spent in very much the same way as the evening before. Neither sister remained an instant with me after the other entered my company, and though the alterations were less frequent than they had been at that time their peculiarities were more marked and less naturally accounted for. It was while Loren was with me that I made the suggestion which had been hovering on my lips ever since the noon.

"I think this," said I in one of the pauses of our more than usual conversation, "one of the most interesting houses I have ever been my good fortune to enter. Would you mind my remarking about it a bit just to enjoy the old time flavor of its great empty rooms? I know they are mostly closed and possibly unfurnished, but to a connoisseur like myself in colonial architecture this would rather add to their interest than detract from it."

"Impossible," she was going to say, but caught herself back in time and changed the imperative word to one more conciliatory if equally unyielding. "I am sorry, Miss Butterworth, but the condition of the rooms and the unhappy excitement into which we have been thrown by the unfortunate visit paid to Luccetta by a gentleman she is only too much attached to—I hope you will not expect me to talk on the subject—make it quite impossible for me to consider any such undertaking today. Tomorrow I may find it easier; but, if not, be assured you shall see every nook and corner in it if you so desire before you leave the house."

"Thank you," I retorted dryly. "I will remember that. To one of my tastes an ancient room in a two-hundred mansion like this affords a delight not to be understood by one who knows less of a century ago's life. The legends only connected with your great drawing room below (we were sitting in my room, I believe) refused to be cooped up in their dreary side parlor and she not having offered me any other spot more cheerful or attractive sufficient to hold me entranced for an hour. I heard one of them today."

"Which?"

She spoke more quickly than usual and for her quite sharply.

"Mrs. Carter. I went on, 'endeavored to amuse me by relating the story of Luccetta's namesake—who who roared through the night after a daughter who had won her lover's heart away from her.'"

"Ah, it is a well known tale, but I think Mrs. Carter might have left us to tell it to you. Did she relate anything else?"

"No other tradition of this place," said I.

"I am glad she was so considerate. But why—if you will pardon me—did she happen to light upon that? We have not heard those incidents spoken of for years."

"Not since the phantom carriage flew through this road the last time," I ventured, with a smile that should have disarmed her from suspecting any ulterior motive on my part in thus introducing a subject which could not be altogether grateful to her.

"The phantom carriage? Have you heard of that?"

I wish it had been Luccetta who had said this and to whom my reply was due. The opportunities would have been so much greater for an injudicious display of feeling on her part and of a suitable conclusion on mine.

But it was Loren who never forgot herself, and I had to content myself with the persuasion that her voice was just a whit less clear than usual and her serenity enough impaired for her to

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look out of my one high and dismal window instead of into my face.
"My dear!" I had not called her this before, though the term had frequently risen to my lips in answer to Luccetta's "you should have gone with me into the village today. Then you would not need to ask if I had heard of the phantom carriage!"

The proba had reached her at last. She looked quite startled.

"You amaze me," she said. "What do you mean, Miss Butterworth? Why should I not have needed to ask?"

"Because you would have heard it whispered about in every lane and corner. It is common talk in town today. You must know why, Miss Knollys."

She was not looking out of the window now. She was looking at me.

"I assure you," she murmured, "I do not know at all. Nothing could be more incomprehensible to me. Explain yourself, I entreat you. The phantom carriage is but a myth to me, interesting only as involving certain long vanished legends of mine."

"Of course," I assented. "No one of real sense could regard it in any other light. But the villagers, they talk, and in short—you will soon know, if I do not tell you myself—more than one of them declare it passed through the lane on Tuesday night."

"Tuesday night!" Her composure had been regained, but not so entirely that her voice slightly trembled. "That was before you came. I hope it was not an omen."

I was in no mood for pleasantry. "They say it degrades misfortune to those who see it. I am therefore obviously exempt. But you—did you see it?"

I am just curious to know if it is visible to those who live in the lane. It ought to have turned in here. Were you fortunate enough to have been awake at that moment and to have seen this spectral appearance?"

She shuddered. I was not mistaken in believing I saw this sign of emotion, for I was looking at her very closely, and the movement was unmistakable.

"I have never seen anything ghostly in my life," said she. "I am not at all superstitious."

If I had been ill natured or if I had thought it wise to press her too closely, I might have said:

"Then why do you look so pale? Why tremble so visibly, you whom I have never before seen disturbed?"

But my natural kindness, together with an instinct of caution, restrained me, and I only remarked:

"There you are, Miss Knollys—doubtless as a denizen of this house, which Mrs. Carter was obliging enough to suggest to me was considered by many as haunted."

"The strengthening of Miss Knollys' lips argued no need to Mrs. Carter."

"Now I only wish it was," I laughed dryly. "I should really like to meet a ghost, say, in your great drawing room, which I am forbidden to enter."

"You are not forbidden," she uttered hastily. "You may explore it now if you will excuse me from accompanying you, but you will meet no ghosts. The heart is not propitious."

"Taken aback by her sudden amenity, I hesitated for a moment. Would it be worth while for me to search a room she was willing to have me enter? No, and yet my knowledge which could be obtained in regard to this house might be of use to me or to Mr. Gryce. I decided to oblige her offer, but first I must test key with one other question."

"Would you prefer," said I, "that I should steal down these corridors at night and draw its dusky recesses at a time when sleepers are supposed to walk the halls they once fitted through in happy consciousness?"

"Hardly." She made the greatest effort to sustain the jest, but her concern and dread were manifest. "I think I had better give you the keys now than subject you to the drafts and chilling discomforts of this old place at midnight."

I rose with a semblance of eager anticipation.

"I will take you at your word," said I. "The keys, my dear. I am going to visit a haunted room for the first time in my life."

I do not think she was deceived by this feigned enthusiasm. Perhaps it was too much out of keeping with my ordinary manner, but she gave no sign of surprise and rose in her turn with an air suggestive of relief.

"Excuse me," said she, "if I precede you. I will meet you at the head of the corridor with the keys."

I was in hopes she would be long enough in obtaining them to allow me to stroll along the front hall to the opening into the farther corridor, in which I felt a special interest. But the urgency I showed seemed to have a corresponding effect upon her, for she almost flew down the passageway before me and was back at my side before I could take a step in the intended direction.

"These will take you into any room on the first floor," said she. "You will meet with dust and Mrs. Carter's spiders, but for these I shall make no apologies. Girls who cannot provide comforts for the few rooms they utilize cannot be expected to keep in order the large and unused apartments of a former generation."

"I hate dirt and despise spiders, but I am willing to brave both," I assured her, "for the pleasure of satisfying my love for the antique." At which she banded me the keys with a calm smile

which was not without its element of sadness.
"I will be here on your return," she murmured, leaning over the banisters to speak to me as I took my first steps down. "I shall want to hear whether you are repaid for your trouble."

I thanked her and proceeded on my way, somewhat doubtful whether by so doing I was making or not the best use possible of my opportunities.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Clean Enough.

Farmer Hayrick (as the water brings him a finger bowl)—No, thanks, I washed 'jes' afore supper!

An Enchanted Parent.

Mrs. Sharp—Our daughter is now nearly 15 years of age and I think it is time she had some kind of a musical instrument to play on.

Mr. Sharp—What a remarkable coincidence! I had the very same thought this morning when she was singing in the dining room.

Mrs. Sharp—What instrument do you think would be the most suitable?

Mr. Sharp—I think a steam calliope would be about the proper thing. It's the only instrument I know of that would drown her voice.

The Time Drawn.

Watts—Had fifteen women at my house this afternoon. Some sort of tub my wife belongs to.

Potts—Must have been an awful racket.

Watts—Not so much as you would think. Fifteen women make no more noise than two. You see, there has got to be a limit somewhere.

His Experience.

Isaacs—Did you ever try counting backward from one thousand? You can't sleep?

Cohenstein—Yes; but dot counting backward makes me feel like I've lost money, and I can't go to sleep at all!

An Exception.

Albert—All the world loves a lover, you know.

Mildred—You wouldn't say that if you had heard papa's remarks when he said, yesterday morning, that you had taken his hat by mistake.

Calke Joke.

He—"What is this, dear?"

She—"Round cake."

Isn't it rather small for its weight?"

According to His Belief.

Singleton—Do you believe in the doctrine of infant damnation?

Benedict—Not in the daytime.

"Oh Promise Me!"

At some time in her life, Capld pleads in every woman's case, and when that time comes it is a woman's duty to think twice before she answers. She should think once for herself, and once for the man who has chosen her for his life companion.

If she is suffering from a torturing, dragging weakness or disease so prevalent with her sex, she has no right to answer "Yes" until her health is restored. If she does, she will be an unhappy creature. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific remedy that cures all weakness, disease, disorder and derangement of the delicate and important feminine organs. It is not a "cure-all," but a medicine devised to correct one class of disorders and no other. It has accomplished its purpose in tens of thousands of cases, as is shown by tens of thousands of testimonials of the grateful patients themselves. It imparts vigor and vitality to the entire womanly organism, and is the best of all nerve tonics and restoratives. It fits for perfect motherhood. It transforms weak, nervous, dependent invalids into healthy, happy women.

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A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. All medicine dealers sell them. No other pills are "just as good."

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24 hours. They stood 7 to 8
tation. John McWilliams, Jr.
caused of causing the death of
Adams. This was the second
the attorney general announced
there will be a third attempt.

...ed by Had War
Odessa, Jan. 27.—According
patch received here from the
the Russian post in the Lip
the peninsula of China, had war
terrible mortality among
troops. Two hundred and
during the months of November
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now four deaths daily.

THE BROWN STONE

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Foster's Weather Bulletin.

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St. Joseph, Mo., Jan. 23. My last

bulletin gave forecasts of the storm

wave to cross the continent from 25 to

29, and 31 to February 1.

The next disturbance will reach the

Pacific coast about February 3, cross

west of Rockies country by close of 9,

great central valleys 7 to 10, eastern

states 10.

Warm wave will cross west of Rock-

ies country about February 5, great

central valleys 7, eastern states 8. Con-

tinued wave will cross west of Rock-

ies country about February 10, eastern

states 12.

Temperature of the week ending 8 a.

m. February 13 will average about nor-

mal east of the Rockies and below west.

Precipitation for the same period will

be below east of the Rockies and about

normal west.

Temperature of February will aver-

age above normal along and west of the

upper Mississippi valley and in the New

England states and below in the south-

ern states, Ohio and Tennessee valleys,

upper and lower lakes.

Altitude of February will be below

normal in the Ohio, Missouri and Ar-

kansas valleys and on the Pacific coast,

generally above normal on the Atlantic

coast and at elevations.

Temperature of February will go

to great extremes with frequent changes.

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Men's Linen Collars, four-ply, various
styles in roll and turn over. Regular price
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5c. each.

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Men's Linen Collars, various styles, but
principally for Link Buttons. Regular price
20c; sale price

9c. a pair.

Neckties.
Men's Neckties in Teck, Four-in-Hand
and Peck, light and dark effects. Regular price
25c; sale price

12 1/2 c. each.

Dress Shirts.
Men's White Unadorned Dress Shirts,
made of All Quality Standard Cotton, woven
and finished, fine grade of all pure linen,
made in full proportion, all sizes. Regular
price 10c; sale price

25c. each.

Ribbons.
Men's Taffeta.
2 1/2 inch Wide Taffeta Pure Silk Ribbons,
all colors. Regular price 22c; sale price

12 1/2 c. a yard.

Satin Ribbons.
2 1/2 inch Wide Satin Ribbons, the finest
quality made. Regular price 15c; sale price

29c. a yard.

Hostess.

Boys' School Hose.
Boys' Extra Heavy Fast Black School Hose
all sizes. Regular price 25c; sale price
ed very good value at that price; sale price

15c. a pair.

Ladies' Cashmere Hose.
Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, Merino Feet
and Toe, extra fine quality. Real value 25c;
to elude the lot at once

19c. a pair.

Underwear.
White Undershirts and Drawers.
Men's white, three-quarters wool, Under-
shirts and Drawers, all sizes. Regular price
75c; sale price

50c. each.

Fleece Undershirts and Drawers.
Men's Heavy Fleece Undershirts and
Drawers, all sizes. Regular price 35c; sale price

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Ladies' Two-ply English Pique Dogskin,
colors Tan, or Black and Brown. Regular
price 8c; sale price

59c. a pair.

Ladies' French Suede Kid Gloves, in four
and eight button, M. equivalent Lengths
Regular price \$1 to \$1.50; sale price

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Small Wares.
ROSE CASHING, per piece 2c
TWIN DRESS STAYS, Regular price 3c
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DRESS DRAIN, 2 pieces for

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1. Names and dates must be clearly
written. 2. The full name and address
of the writer must be given, the initials
only to be used in print. 3. Make all
queries as brief and consistent with
clarity. 4. Write on one side of the
paper only. 5. In answering queries at
ways give the date of the paper, the
number of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or
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stamped envelopes, accompanied by the
number of the query and its signa-
ture.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1899.

QUERIES.

98. JENKINS—John Jenkins (1), first
of Barnstable, Mass., married Susan-
nah (2) Wadsworth, daughter of John
Jenkins who remained in Barnstable
and married Mary Ewer. John and Su-
sannah had son Zachariah, who mar-
ried Abiah Allen. Their son John mar-
ried Lydia. I should like to know her
name and descent. I do not know whether
he removed to East Greenwich, R. I., and
afterwards to Cohasset, Conn., and mar-
ried Lydia Gardner, daughter of Stephen
Gardner, a descendant of Benoni John
Jenkins was a Quaker, but the maiden
name of Susanah does not appear on the
records of the Sandwich meeting. They
cannot one of their sons Job
Cooke, and it has been surmised that
her name was Susanah Cooke, from the
fact that middle names were un-
usual at that period. Information is
greatly desired.—K. S. M.

99. ROUSE—Would like the ancestry
of Thankful Rouse, who married Sam-
uel Dutton, at Rehoboth, Mass., May
29, 1875.—C. K. W.

100. LINDLEY—What was the ances-
try of Thomas Lindley of Seekonk,
Mass., who married Experience Ide, at
Rehoboth, Mass., 1717.—C. K. W.

101. CHANNING—Thresher—Who
were the parents of Henry Channing or
Channing, of Barrington, R. I., and
Mary Thresher, who were married at
Rehoboth, Mass., 1717.—C. K. W.

102. SWEET—Wanted parents of Sarah
Sweet, of Portsmouth, R. I., who mar-
ried Edward Luther of Seekonk, Mass.,
(born between 1720 and 1740).—C. K. W.

103. SAYER—Thomas Sayer of Hing-
ham, Mass., born 1615, died 1732, mar-
ried Sarah (widow) of John. What was
the ancestry of Thomas Sayer?—C. K.
W.

104. BRACKET—John Bracket of Bil-
lerica, Mass., had a daughter Mary,
who married Edward Spalding, Nov.
27, 1833. What was the wife of John
Bracket, and what was the ancestry of
Jacob?—L. F. S.

105. HALE—Who was Hannah Hale
of Concord, Mass., who married John
Spalding, May 18, 1833? See died Aug.
14, 1839.—L. F. S.

106. WARREN—Sarah Warren, of Ja-
cob and Sarah Warren, of Chelmsford,
Mass., or Philadelphia, Conn., married Jo-
seph Spalding, of Chelmsford, Dec. 4,
1710. Who were the ancestors of Ja-
cob Warren and wife Sarah?—
L. F. S.

107. SHERMAN—Who was the wife
of Philip Sherman, mother of Capt. Wil-
liam Sherman, and Patience Sherman,
who married David Melville, 1812? All
of Newport, R. I.—D. D.

108. PHILLIPS—According to the
Phillips Genealogy, Sarah Phillips, the
daughter of Jeremiah Phillips and his
wife Elizabeth Brown was born in New-
port, R. I., Nov. 6, 1759. Is anything
known concerning her marriage?—J. M.

109. TILDEN—Stephen Tilden was
born in Marshfield, Mass., in Feb. 1803-
4, and died in Lebanon, Conn., in 1871.
Information desired concerning his mar-
riage.—J. M.

110. DUNHAM—Who was Azariah
Dunham, Esq., one of the incorpora-
tors of Brown University, 1784?—D.
C. D.

111. WHEELER—Ancestry wanted of
Hannah Wheeler, born May 12, 1707,
married Jan. 23, 1731, Nathaniel Ad-
ams, of Westerly, R. I., and Groton,
Conn.—F. P. B.

112. HANCOCK—Who were the an-
cestors of Abigail Hancock who mar-
ried William Middleton, April 15, 1759?
See Stoneington, Conn., Church Records.
—F. P. B.

113. ALLEN—Who was Hannah Al-
len who married April 17, 1734, James
Comstock, born June 16, 1712, killed at
Fort Griswold, Sept. 6, 1812?—F. P. B.

114. KNOWN—Wanted ancestry of
Hannah Known, born 1621, died Jan. 6,
1711, married 1703, Edward Caneve,
at one time of Ipswich, Mass.—F. P. B.

115. DUNHAM—David Dunham, Esq.,
Dartmouth, R. I., married Elizabeth
Dunham, of Elizabeth, Mass., Dec.
18, 1759, by Rev. John Sumner. Eliza-
beth born Down Records, Vol. 1, page 162.

116. KINSMAN—Boreman—Uzal
Wardell, born Boston, Mass., April 7,
1815, married of Bristol, R. I., mar-
ried Mary, widow of Daniel Ring or
suffering with that malady.

117. KINSMAN—Boreman—Uzal
Wardell, born Boston, Mass., April 7,
1815, married of Bristol, R. I., mar-
ried Mary, widow of Daniel Ring or
suffering with that malady.

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1815, married of Bristol, R. I., mar-
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